

AN
EPISTLE

TO

Ge--ge Ch--ne M. D. F. R. S.

UPON HIS

ESSAY of Health and Long Life

Cheyne

AN
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TO

George Cheyne M.D. F.R.S.

UPON HIS

ESSAY OF HEALTH AND LONG LIFE

J. J. J.

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TO
Ge--ge Ch--ne, M. D.
F. R. S.

UPON HIS
ESSAY of Health and
Long Life.

WITH
NOTES.
Physical and Metaphysical.

By P I L L O - T I S A N U S, K
*A Lover of the Mathematicks, and Practitioner in
the Occult Sciences.*

————— *Quod medicorum est,*
Promittunt Medici. ————— Hor. Epist.
So liv'd our Sires, e're *Doctors* learn'd to kill,
And multiply'd with their's the Weekly Bill.
Dryden.

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P R E F A C E.



Having no personal Acquaintance with, and being at a great Distance from the Doctor, I am obliged to have recourse to the Hands of the Publick, in order to present the following Epistle to that ingenious Physician. There appear'd something so extravagantly extraordinary, even at first View, in his labour'd Essay upon Health and Long Life, (especially coming from one of his Profession) that I determin'd upon a serious Perusal of that merry Piece, to make a few Remarks upon it, for my future Conduct, and the Benefit of Mankind.

It

It is true, (as I have been inform'd from that inexhaustible Fund of Literature, the Advertisements in the Publick Prints) that this Affair has been already attempted by several, perhaps more capable of that Province than me; but this stifled not my Resolution of serving my Country; understanding at the same time by that Canal of Scraps of Wit and Learning, that the Method of their Proceedings differ'd widely from my Design; we all intending the Doctor's Essay for our Foundation, but not in the least agreeing in the Superstructure; they seeming content with a simple Doric Front, while I shall launch out into all the Delicacies of the Corinthian, and perhaps license some Gothic Ornaments.

My Title Page promises Notes Physical and Metaphysical; but I assure my Readers, my Remarks shall be rather Supernatural than Natural; confining my self to a few material Hints, in relation to those Parts of the

the Essay, which may escape the Eye of a common Annotator, or soar above the Level of a common Capacity.

I shall scarcely descend to Particulars, but dwell upon the General Heads, to shew the Doctor, how insignificant his Care of Mankind has prov'd, in taking no Notice of that Part of Life, to which all the others are subservient ; and by the neglecting of which, all his Rules must fall to the Ground ; being so busy in pruning the Branches of the Tree of Life, that he forgets the Body, which may be rotten to the Heart ; if I may be allow'd a Simile, it is like an unskilful Surgeon's making a great Rout with dressing a sore Finger, when his Patient labours under an Ulcer in the Lungs or Kidney : It is like ----- but this Simile I shall keep to my self, or produce the Parallel on a more proper Occasion.

*As my Quotations are confin'd to Truth and Brevity, I fear some Readers may think me obscure ; but it is
better*

better to appear unintelligible to a Few, than tedious to All: If my Ignorance in Physick, or too great Veneration for the Publick, have led me into any Errors, I shall, upon their being made manifest, readily recant; for I am not so fond of any thing I enter into, as to persist obstinately in Possession, when the Failure of my Understanding is brought to Light; nor do I ever grow stiff in an Argument, when my Opponent has disabled my most material Point.

Thus far I thought fit to premise at the Door; now, Ladies and Gentlemen, be pleas'd to walk in, take your proper Seats, and judge of the Performance.





A N
E P I S T L E
T O

Ge--ge Ch--ne, M. D.
F. R. S.

Dear Doctor! —

W H I L E the Road to Health
(you shew

^a By some Ways new, and others that we know,
Preaching strange Doctrines, which can ne'er
(deceive,

For none will mind 'em, tho' we all believe:

^b While lusty Life you give each tender *Elf*,

^c And lay down Rules,— you'll ne'er observe your
(self;

B

Permit

Permit the grateful *Muse*, to hail your Pains ;
A just Reward!—since *Fame* is all it Gains :

^d If kindly I point out those Steps, seem wrong,
Blame not my Zeal:—nor shall my Tale be long,
^e Tho' *Vomit*, *Purge*, and *Clyster* grace my Song. }

^f Is *Physick's* Art so despicable grown,
That e'en its sage *Professors* run it down?
Sure you're the first, e'er gave a Fee-less *Bill*,
Or taught us how *Apothecaries* kill:
What more than earthly View cou'd Int'rest
(bribe:
Long Life, and *Health*, thus *gratis* to prescribe?
And shall that Pen, which fill'd each Day its
(Grave,
Now rescue us from Death?— and dare to save
By such a Fund of Health ; which spite of Fate,
Must give to *Nature's* self a longer Date.

Was it Remorse that gave us this *Essay* ?
That thus your fatal *Recipe's* you stay,
In hopes all Murders past to wash away :

As }

As dying *Misers* Bags for Sins attone,
And what they robb'd, builds Churches when
(they're gone:

Or were your Fees too num'rous to be told,
And urg'd, you shou'd no longer kill for Gold;
Thus nought the sucking *Leech's* Thirst can stop,
'Till fully gorg'd;— then of it self 'twill drop;
The bloated Body can't contain the Blood,
But vomits back in Streams the Purple Flood.

g Cou'd one of *Galen's* Sons so meanly think,
To save Mankind, and let the *College* sink ?
What will the Velvet, Knighted *Doctors* say ?
By a false Brother robb'd of lawful Prey :

h Or can those Men (who feel without Reproach)
Our greatest *Dames* all o'er) lay down their
(Coach,
And humbly pace the Streets in foul *Galoch*?
Or prop'd on Oaken Sticks to Trembling stand,
When th' uselefs Golden Head has grac'd each
(Hand?

Then *Lady-Spouse* no Watch or Jewels wears,
 No Lands, or Houses, to bequeath their Heirs ;
 † If Guineas answer not each Pair of Stairs :
Physick's dread *Art* may then draw in its Horns,
 Confin'd to Children's Teeth, or curing Corns ;
 * Its *Dons* may with the *City-Bard* unite,
 † And place of *Bills, Heroic Poems* write,
 † Or pore o'er *Trifles* with the *Greshamite*.

Bold and advent'rous *Sage*, that dares with-
 (stand
 † *Apothecaries* too !— that formidable Band !
 View but their Shops ; compleatly arm'd for
 (War,
 Where Scissars, Lancets, Knives, in *Front* appear,
 While Clyster-pipes and Syringes bring up the
 (Rear :)
 Where Poisons in a safe *Asylum* dwell,
 And *Pestle* and *Mortar* ring the Fun'ral-Knell ;
 Where *Gally-pots* and *Phials* ready stand,
 Surcharg'd with Death, rang'd by an artful Hand,
Physick's Artillery ! — which certain Fate
 (command !)
 Where

Where various Trinkets lure the vulgar Eye,
And all Degrees of Death in Order lie;
Where pois'nous Reptiles do their Crimes up-
(braid,
Point out our Doom, and shew the murd'ring
(Trade.

Shou'd your *Essay* prevail, the Tribe (which feeds
On Death and Carnage now) turn *Invalids*,
No Incense more shall from their *Altars* rise,
No more their *Idols* glut their savage Eyes
With human Gore,—their darling *Sacrifice* !
Know you their Pow'r !— and stand you not in
(awe,
But thus provoke the Men, who kill by *Law* ?
Shall simple Mortals dare to live at Will ?
And Health destroy their Privilege to kill ?
Quickly recant the Faults of your *Essay*,
Or saving us, you'll throw your self away ;
Take the first Aim, or yielding to Surprize,
They, like a *Basilisk*, will kill with Eyes ;
But if first seen, the venom'd Serpent dies.

Nor

Nor is't alone the *Esculapian Race*,
Who meditate Revenge for dire Disgrace ;
° The Sons of *Luxury* too feel the Stroke,
And Foes without an End, your Works provoke ;
All pamp'ring Trades must now to Ruin haste,
And by preserving, you'll lay Nature waste ;
p Butchers indeed for *Jury-men* may serve,
But *Poult'rers*, and their Capons too, must starve ;
No *Fishmonger* again commence *Lord Mayor*,
q And *Lambert* eat himself his beauteous Ware ;
Each loud-ton'd *Vintner* now shall be struck
(dumb,
And wholesale *Grocers* prove not worth a *Plumb*.
r How shall our *Beaus* their Time or Mony spend ?
Unless at Charity-Sermons they attend :
f What will embroider'd Clocks, or powder'd
(*Tupées* say ?
t Shou'd the *King's-Arms* or *Pontac* run away :
What Tortures must their puny Stomachs feel,
u If at the *Golden Door* deny'd the costly Meal ?
Our *Belles* themselves will lose a Part of Dress,
Oblig'd to spend their Morning at the Glass,

Before

Before they patch'd, and view'd the Bill of *Fare*,
And order'd Dishes—as they set their Hair.

x No more shall *Crawfish-Soop* begin the Feast,
Or *Hampshire* Bacon lard the *Turkey's* Breast;
No *Lobster* on the Spit resign its Breath,
Or sucking *Pig* be smartly whipp'd to Death;
Dear *Ortolans* may rest at home unpaid,
And *Woodcocks* haunt the unmolested Glade;
Fearless of *Dog* and *Gun* the *Partridge* flies,
And th'artless *Pheasant* with its various Dyes;
No *Quail* or *Wheat-ear* now our Dishes fills,
Or *Larks* from *Dunstable's* high chalky Hills.

From *Seas* or *Rivers* no Relief we'll find,
But lose the *Finny* with the *Feather'd* Kind:
Where is the luscious *Salmon* roasted whole?
The firm, broad *Turbet*, the delicious *Soal*?
Or tyrant *Pike*, who rules without Controul?
The speckled *Trout*, the Beauty of the Flood?
Or bony *Carp* by poignant Sauce made good?

No

No royal *Sturgeon* for th' expensive Meal,
No nine-ey'd *Lamprey*, nor the Silver *Eel*;
Our *Perch* and *Tench* of meer Old Age shall die,
With *Gudgeons*, *Smelts*, and all th' inferior Fry,
Which round the Dish's Borders graceful lie :
Who shall the juicy Shell-fish now explore?
Or gulp down *Oysters* from fam'd *Wainfleet's*
(Shore ?

y O! *Billinggate*!— how I lament thy Fall!
Thy silent *Matrons*, and each vacant Stall!
No more my *Muse* thy fragrant Glories sings!
The sportive Jest, which sprightly Answers
(brings,
Or sav'ry Fingers, deck'd with Golden Rings.

What to our Grievs adds greater Discontent,
E'en *Beef* and *Mutton* must be eat as meant ;
Plain *Boil'd* and *Roast*,—still ev'ry Day the same!
With nothing *French*, either in *Sauce* or *Name*!
No *Soops*, *Terins*, *Ragoos*, or *Fricassees*;
Nought *a la Dobe*, *Tremblant*, or *a la Breeze*!

Dully

Dully to swallow what we know and see,

No Dish disguis'd by dear Variety ;

Nor owe an Appetite to Luxury.

By what you say, it may be just the same,

^{a a} Whether our whiten'd *Veal* from *Essex* came,

Or to our *Mutton*, *Banstead* gave its Name.

No more from Noon to Midnight shall we
(dine,

^{b b} And lengthen out the Feast with chearful Wine ;

No more strong *Burgundy*, no brisk *Champagne* !

No rich *Tokay*, to close the joyous Scene ;

Since *Ch--ne* says, all these were made in vain !

O *Doctor*, *Doctor* !—who wou'd with you
(dine ?

When your whole Bill of Fare is one starv'd Line,

Mutton six Ounces !— and a *Pint of Wine* !

^{c c} *Cameleon*-like, we meet an airy Treat ;

First Course much Talk,— and *second Course*
(no Meat :

For my *Physician* I accept your Book ;

^{d d} But, by the *Gods* !—you ne'er shall be my *Cook* !

ee Thus far your *Labours* boast a gen'rous
(Heart,

But now let's touch you in the weakest Part ;
How bright to latest Times your Work wou'd
(shine,

Did not one Cloud obscure the great Design :
To frustrate each Disease, some Rule we find,
Nay, you can ease the *Passions* of the Mind :
What then !— the worst Distemper we endure,
For ev'ry thing but *Love*— you give a Cure ;
But vain's your Skill, and trifling is your Care,
If *Man* must fall by the tyrannick *Fair*.

ff How wisely you lay down, what Air is best ;
How warm the *South*, how bleak the piercing
(*East* !

With solid Judgment gravely we are told,
The bad Effects of catching *Heat* or *Cold* ;
What *Situation* is too moist or dry,

And that the *Middle*'s neither low nor high :

gg Shall not we Lovers too, without a Crime,

Range the whole *Globe* for a propitious Clime :

Observe

Observe the *Air*, scent out a *friendly Wind*,
 'Till once a Point agreeable we find,
 And that *Love's Weather-cock* stands to our
 (Mind.)

With Wit and Learning most profound, you treat
 h h The *Quantity* and *Quality* of Meat;
 Each *Constitution* to an *Ounce* must guess;
 And *Drink*—no, not one Spoonful more or less:
 Why not the justest Length of *Love* display,
 For we may measure—what we cannot weigh;
 When e'er high Sauces urge the boiling Blood,
 Then shew your Art,—and say what *Cooler's*
 (good:
 If no *French Dishes* must our Palates please,
 i i Pray banish too from hence the—*French Disease*;
 That *Luxury's* the Devil—we suppose,
 k k But what is Life or Health—without a *Nose*:
 Since you're turn'd *Cook*, give Rules for *Am'rous*
 (Meals;
 11 For we have *Bolusses*, *Ptyfans*, and *Pills*:
 Then foreign Stains our Linnen may disown,
 mm And *Bu--os*, *Sh--ers*, *Cor--es* be unknown;

That Family Oeconomy we know,
 n n Our Use of *Poud'ring-Tubs* does plainly shew.

o o Blame not my Haste, if from *Repletion*
 I drop at once t' *Evacuation* ;
 How well proportion'd is that beauteous Rule,
 How oft a Day to have a wholesome *St—l* ;
 And shou'd we not in Love avoid Extreame,
 Instructed how and when to quench our Flames ;
 What Food is best *Love's* Stomach to create,
 And when 'tis proper to *evacuate* ;
 Nicely you state the Colour, Smell, and Taste,
 Of each fair *Lady's Water* as it past ;
 In ev'ry Pot a Patient's Doom is laid,
 How good the Pale!—how bad the dirty Red!
 But sure the safest Way grim Death to shun,
 Were well to cleanse the Channels where they
 (run ;
 The smallest *Perspiration* you can guess,
 p p Shewn by *Sanctorius'* Chair, when more or less :
 In Love our Changes are as *quick* and *clean* ;
Lovers, like *Rabbits*, soon grow *fat* or *lean*.

How

89 How justly fix'd our Hours of *Rest* we find,
 To ease the Body, and relieve the Mind;
 Shou'd we in Love-Affairs no Respite take,
 How many pretty Fellows Hearts wou'd ake? }
 Alas!—no Lover can for ever wake!
 When *Cupid's* sprightly *Pipe* to Battle sounds,
 Fearless we charge,—and deal in Blood and
 (Wounds;
 But let us sometimes labour, sometimes rest;
 To laugh for ever—were to lose the Jest:
 What we have always, never is enjoy'd;
 Too much of one thing, many Men has cloy'd:
 Soaking in Sheets the Bane of Health you take,
 Or loit'ring in a Morning when awake:
 These Hints observ'd, wou'd curse the *Lover's* Life,
 And cause some Mischief 'twixt a Man and Wife.

91 The Use of *Exercise* you plainly prove,
 Yet never say how *Lovers* ought to move;
 On Horse or Foot, you leave us in the Dark,
 Blindfold to hit,—or random guess the Mark;
Lovers,

Lovers, like *Fencers*, shou'd have Motions just,
 Taught when to give, or when to take a Thrust ;
 When to retreat— or when come briskly on,
 And how to stop their Course, when they do—

(run :

Thus save some hopeful Youths,— who'd be
 (undone,)

You think a Morning Rub is mighty right,
 And shew your *Flesh-Brush* in a proper Light ;
 It's Good is prov'd on ev'ry thing alive,
 Since Beasts themselves by frequent *Friction*
 (thrive :

From whence that perfect *Maxim* first arose,
 The more each Member's us'd, it stronger grows ;
 And shall it not in Love-Affairs hold good ?
 To glad our Hearts, and circulate our Blood ;
 'Till the smart Rub makes ev'ry Art'ry rise,
 And Titillation sparkle in our Eyes :
 Of perfect Health if *Bathing* stands the Test,
 A *Bagnio* sure will fit a Lover best ;
 We own the *Cold-Bath* all your Rhet'rick claims,
 But mayn't we sometimes dip in warmer Streams ?

To

f f To regulate our *Passions* you presume,
 But ne'er touch that, from whence all others
 (come,
 The *Lover's* Happiness, or wretched Doom :
 True!— in one Page, bright as the *God of Day*,
 I saw the Word!—and bless'd your learn'd *Essay*;
 'Till my fond Error soon—too soon!— I found ;
 I fought *Love's* Cure, but still endure the Wound :
 I hop'd your healing Hand some Help had reach'd,
 But 'stead of *Recipe's*,— the *Doctor* preach'd ;
 On *Physick's Art* so nicely you refine,
 So lovingly the *Flesh* and *Spirit* join,
 A *Purge* begins— what ends in *Love Divine*. }

O *Ch--ne* ! wou'd you hope the *Bard's* best
 (Lays?
 And boast beyond the Grave an endless Round
 (of Praise ;
 Furnish weak Man with proper *Strength* and
 (*Arms*,
 To cope with *conqu'ring Beauty's* Arts and
 (Charms ;
 Give

Give some fure Rules the cruel *Fair* to court,
Or how to steer in *Wedlock's* fpacious Port :
Guide but the Helms of *Miftreffes* and *Wives*,
And leave to us the Conduct of our Lives :
If the *Nymph's* coy— oh ! then exert your Art,
And melt by gentleft Means the flinty Heart ;
From *Honour's* airy Height let *Virgins* fall
Softly,—and lofe their Names without a Squawl ;
If the *Nymph's* kind, fet Bounds to our Defires,
That we may feel Love's Warmth, but not its
(Fires ;
Teach willing Dames the coolest Way to charm,
Left they do burn, the *Funnels* they shou'd warm ;
Youth now unborn fhall fing your juft Renown,
And *Damfels* with a *Flesh-Brush* rub you down ;
The *Mufe* with Notes immortal deck your
(Name,
And place it deathlefs in the Dome of *Fame*.



NOTES,



NOTES,

Physical and Metaphysical.

^a *By some Ways new, and others that we know, &c.*

IN this *Essay* the Doctor has borrow'd several Hints from old Authors, who have manag'd this Subject with more Learning than Success; he has likewise reviv'd some Doctrines on this Head, which have been long since exploded: But the greater Part of his Rules are entirely Originals; and may remain so to Eternity, for the Pains any body will be at to copy them.

^b *While lusty Life you give each tender Elf, &c.*

The Doctor wou'd insinuate, that the Design of his *Essay* is principally calculated for the Benefit of the sedentary, studious, or vale-

D

tudinary

ordinary Part of Mankind; pretending, if his Prescriptions are observ'd, that Life may be certainly fix'd for many Years without Health; Which Assertion he corroborates by several Examples, as *Cornaro* the noble *Venetian*, who by Temperance preserv'd an undone, sickly Constitution for threescore Years, when Physick cou'd not give him an Hour of Life; he has, if I mistake not, wrote a Treatise upon Health and Long Life; which the Doctor has not acquainted us with:— The Milk-Doctor of *Croydon* is another notable Instance— besides several others— *quos nunc prescribere longum est*.— For further Satisfaction. *vide* Pag. 31. & 32. of the *Essay*.

c *And lay down Rules,—you'll ne'er observe your self, &c.*

By the Doctor's own Confession, this is notorious in the most material Parts of the *Essay*;— of this more hereafter,— not intending to enlarge upon this Point till I come to Particulars.

d *If kindly I point out those Steps seem wrong, &c.*

I hope to make it manifest to the whole World, nay, to the Doctor's own Conscience, that his *Essay* is stuff'd with gross Errors, as full of them as his *propria Persona* is of foul Humours, particularly in his entire Oblivion
of

of the Case of Love, which ought to be every Physician's principal Care, or in a more especial manner his, who pretends to rectify our Passions : But as I intend to lay my greatest Stress, towards the Conclusion, upon this Head, I shall wave the farther mentioning it, till then ; when I shall make his Disingenuity and Ignorance appear regularly, Chapter by Chapter of the whole *Essay*.

c *Tho' Vomit, Purge, and Clyster grace my Song, &c.*

I cannot safely determine, which of these three is the Doctor's chief Favourite ;— tho' he seems fondest of the manner of reasoning *a posteriore*—indeed, after giving them all the highest *Encomiums*,— he very fairly tells us, they are altogether needless ; for Fasting will do every whit as well ; *vide Page 35.* of the *Essay* ;— this Assertion I entirely give into ;— for where nothing goes in, nothing need come out :— I need not here be more copious in an Explanation of Vomit, Purge, or Clyster ; for the Streams which generally flow from them, may satisfy any curious Person, without going to the Fountain Head ; or why shou'd we trace them to their hidden Recesses, when their Consequences are notorious to every Nose, Eye, or Ear in *Great Britain*.

f *Is Physick's Art so despicable grown? &c.*

That many Men before the Doctor have prescrib'd Rules of Health and Long Life is evident ; but I fancy, he's the first Physician, that ever gave himself the Trouble ; the first, who ever hop'd to grow rich, by taking no Fees ; or was sollicitous to prevent Diseases, when his Livelihood depended upon curing them ; it is pulling up a Tree by the Roots, in order to enjoy the Fruit : Tho' he very gravely asserts in his Preface to the *Essay*, *Page 18. being careful not to encroach upon the Province of a Physician :—* pray observe the Concatenation of the different Parts of this Sentence ;—*I have conceal'd nothing from a Sufferer, to direct him to preserve Health, and lengthen out Life ;—* well said, Doctor !—How will you extricate your self from this Labyrinth of Blunders and Inconsistencies ?—If you direct the World in this Manner, and we follow your Advice, who'll want a Physician ?—If the Prevention or Cure of Diseases is not their Business,—what is, pray ?—A damn'd Innuendo this !—a home Thrust upon the *College* indeed !—Your Rules of Temperance will either prevent or cure all Distempers ; but you meddle not with the Business of a Physician ;—then we may reasonably and humbly suppose, that their real Business is very civilly to—kill :—But to finish with the Preface ; he proceeds to make his Compliments

ments in Form to his Brethren of the Profession ; and thinks it wou'd be *a most malicious, unjust, and unworthy Reflection* thrown on *Gentlemen and Scholars*, to imagine, they wou'd be offended— at his Endeavours to starve 'em ; or, to use his own Phrase,— *his endeavouring to lessen the Materia Morbifica* ; not in the least considering, that if his *Essay* lessens the *Materia Morbifica*, down drops *Materia Medica*, and all its Pillars at once : But he, in order to support a Building by a new Method, first takes away the Foundation, next demolishes the Walls, that the Roof may hang in the *Air*.— I own, he brings himself off better at the Conclusion, than one cou'd have expected from the Beginning ; for he does not suppose, that any Number of his Countrymen will observe his Rules, sufficient to hinder the Practice of Physick ; for, as he very slyly insinuates,— *that as the Devil, the World, and the Flesh have a long time stood their Ground against the Light of the Gospel*— so he doubts not but Eating, Drinking, and Whoring will get the better of his *Essay* to the last Line of the last Chapter.— This is honest : I can only say with my Lord Fappington,— *Stap my Vitals, but I believe the Rogue is in the right on't*. I need not throw in any Hint here, in relation to the Parallel betwixt the *Gospel* and the *Essay*.— But to conclude this *Paragraph* ; I must beg leave to observe to my Readers, that if the *College of Physicians*

proceeds

proceeds not to censure this false Brother, and ampute from the Body of their Society so rotten a Member; I think, we ought to fall foul of him and them; for we shall have some small Grounds to imagine a Plot on all Sides, to increase both the *Materia Morbifica* and *Medica*.

Can't one of Galen's Sons so meanly think? &c.

As every body must be sensible of *Galen's* being call'd the *Father of Physicians*, I shou'd not have mention'd his Name here, were it not on account of a great Dispute of vast Consequence, in relation to the spelling of his Name right; the Learned World is mightily divided; for a Manuscript in the *Bodleian* spells it with an *a*; but one in the *Vatican* with an *e*: I don't pretend to decide an Affair of this Importance; but wou'd humbly advise the Curious to visit both Libraries;—nor can they fail of being fully rewarded for their Trouble; for they then may have the Liberty to spell it either Way; if this Method be not satisfactory, they may call in their Way Home of some bulky *Dutch* Commentators, who have, with prodigious Success, puzzled Learning more by the Help of the Five Vowels, than the rest of the World cou'd have done with the whole Four and twenty Letters.

Or

h *Or can those Men, who feel without Re-
proach, &c.*

This particularly hints at that Species of Physicians call'd *Men-Midwives*; a sort of amphibious Animals, for they succeed by Land or by Water; or, more properly speaking, they are the *Hermaphrodites* of Physick; at least till arriv'd to those Years, when they commence *Old Women*; they being then confin'd to one Sex: Their Privileges are more unlimited than the rest of their Brethren, and they really sometimes have Opportunities of pushing their Knowledge to a great Depth; they are thought by many to have some particular Secrets to help Conception, as well as lay a Lady with Success; or, by searching into the Bottom of that Affair, give great Assistance to an Old Husband.

i *If Guineas answer not each Pair of
Stairs, &c.*

Most People (especially those who have had the Happiness to be indispos'd, either in Fancy or Reality) are already made acquainted with Doctors Fees; to the Ignorant Sorrow will come soon enough with Knowledge: The whole Progress of that Affair may be stated in a few Monosyllables—Trip up Stairs—How d'ye do?—Touch Pulse—Pot—So, so—Well—Ill—Hum—Ay—Pot again—(*Tip a Guinea here*)—Pen and Ink—

Ink— Six Doses—— (*ſo to the next ;*) and thus finiſh ten or a dozen ſuch Viſits every Morning:— *A propo* to this Point is that Answer of the famous Dr. *Radcliff* to a Friend, who bewail'd a Loſs of ſome Thouſands by his Banker's breaking ; *'Tis but going up ſo many Pair of Stairs, and peeping into ſo many Urinals and Cloſe-ſtools ; and I ſhall ſoon make up that Sum again.*

^k *Its Dons may with the City-Bard unite, &c.*

This Gentleman is famous in a double Capacity ; as a Phyſician, he's moſt dextrous in the way of Diſpatch, and will kill five or ſix Patients as ſoon as another can a couple ; as a Poet he has a moſt fruitful Invention, his Genius is of a prodigious happy Turn to *Folio's*, and yields to no body in Copiouſneſs of Matter, ſince *John Ogilby* of Voluminous Memory : 'Tis happy for this *Metropolis*, that his Head is ſo full of Rhimes, or by this time it might have been pretty well thinn'd : He never cured but one Patient, and that was by a Paragraph of an Heroic Poem, which he had juſt finiſh'd in his Chariot, coming to viſit him ; in the Rehearſal of it, (ſeveral dreadful, harſh, rumbling Sounds concurring) a few Words frighted away the poor Man's Fever and Ague:— Which makes me give Credit to Charms being effectual in the Cure of ſeveral Diſeaſes.

Or

Or pore o'er Trifles with the Greshamite, &c.

This worthy Physician is an Honour to the Age and Country he lives in; 'tis true, the Word *Trifles* may insinuate something below the Dignity of his Speculations; but it only means, that in the most trifling Parts of the Creation, he's always discovering Wonders: Observe but his Collection of Curiosities;—that beautiful Variety of Butterflies!—Amazing!—How many different Species of Shells!—Prodigious!—the numerous variegated Dyes of Feathers!—Astonishing!—to be brief; the Number of Minerals, Fossils, Insects, in every Element, incredible!—On the other hand, no Man, sure, has seen so far into Natural or Experimental Philosophy without Spectacles; witness the Syringe of his own proper Invention, by which he can give a Clyster to a sick Butterfly;—or that wonderful Microscope, by which you may (if your Eyes be good) discern the *Animalcula* in *Semine* of a Louse; in this I believe he was assisted by the *Spermatick Doctor* from *Florence*.

m Apothecaries too, that formidable Band! &c.

As the Doctor has in a very Gentleman-like manner begg'd Pardon of his Brethren of the Faculty, I think his Compliments ought to have been paid in a more ceremonious Form, and with the strictest Regard to the Understrappers of that Science, the *Apothecaries*;
 E who

who are like to be greater Sufferers by the *Essay*, than even the Physicians: The Doctors may turn Corn-cutters, Teeth-Operators, Gold-finders, Con--m-fellers, Sow-gelders, and a thousand other genteel, gainful Callings, which bear some relation to their former Profession; but a poor ruin'd *Apothecary* can never find in his Heart to turn his Hand to any other Business, there being no other Trade where he can make Eleven Pence Half-penny Farthing clear Gains in every Shilling. Besides, Doctor *Ch--ne* (even where he allows that some of their most innocent Preparations may be absolutely necessary,) gives us a Hint, that all Physick may be avoided by a little Abstinence; and that you may more easily fast, than purge away any Humours: I hope he'll never again venture on any thing of that Nature, for fear of a gentle, eternally quieting Dose.

n *Nor is't alone the Esculapian Race, &c.*

So call'd from *Esculapius*, God of Physick, and Founder of their numerous Tribe; and we may presume, the only Deity that any of their Profession adore, or believe in.

o *The Sons of Luxury too feel the Stroke, &c.*

The Doctor here entirely ruins by much the largest Part of Mankind; that is, all Trades employ'd in feeding others, and all People who feed; in short, he demolishes all, who
live

live not up to his Rules, either by prohibiting most things now reckon'd eatable, or confining us to a slender *Modicum* of those things he allows.— But let us take a Sketch of his universal *Recipe* ; for a Man, as he says, in due *Plight, Health, and Vigour*, from p. 34. of the *Essay* ; to wit, 8 Ounces of *Flesh-Meat*, 12 of *Bread or Vegetable Food*, and about a *Pint of Wine, or other generous Liquor*, in 24 *Hours* : This he states for a hale, robust Constitution ; the Studious and Valetudinarians must diminish from this extravagant Allowance ; 8 Ounces of Meat and a Pint of Wine for 24 long Hours !—O rare Doctor !—I wou'd fain learn, if Bag-pipe Cheeks, a Double-Tripe Chin, or Pot-gut Belly, are the Consequences of this regulated Diet ?—Speak, dear Doctor !— Again, *Page III.* of the *Essay*,—*How fatal is their Mistake, who being weakly, thin and slender, aim to become plump and round, by devouring high, strong Food, and generous Liquors* :—No doubt on't, or how the Devil shou'd they grow fat ?—Again, *Pag. 113.* *They shou'd obstinately persist in a thin, spare Diet, in order to plump up and extend* :—Mighty consistent with this Doctrine ! We stuff our natural Pin-cushions till we become Skeletons ; or starve our selves into the Size of Sir *John Falstaff* : Starving certainly cures all Diseases ;—*Probatum est* :—So the Miser's OEconomy sav'd the Charges of keeping an Ass at all, when he reduced him to a Straw a

E 2

Day.

Day.— Death will put an End to Distempers and Expences.

^p *Butchers indeed for Jurymen may serve, &c.*

'Tis notorious to every body read in the Laws of the Land, that Butchers are excluded a Jury that sits on Life and Death ;— nor is that Point unwisely judg'd : They being so inur'd to Blood, that they wou'd make no more of a smart young Fellow brought before them, than they wou'd of a sucking Pig, and truss up some lusty Grenadier with as little Remorse, as they'd knock down an Ox ; but it is to be hoped, that if by the Doctor's *Essay* prevailing, the Butchers, or most of them, lose their Business, we may expect their Help in another Capacity ; for they'll make a very weighty Addition to the Body of the Legislature.

^q *And Lambert eat himself his beauteous Ware, &c.*

A noted Confectioner in *Pall-mall*, put here figuratively, like a Knight of the Shire to represent all his Brethren : The Doctor so far excludes this Trade from any Place in an Entertainment, that he does not think fit once to mention it ; nor allows even the Appearance, the Shadow of a Desert ; not so much as to play with the Froth of a Syllibub, when our Belly's so full that we can do nothing else.

How

How shall our Beaus their Time and Mony spend? &c.

I hope to make the Doctor's wrong Notions of Diet evident to every unprejudiced Reader, in the Article of *Time*: The Disposition of our Time, in the most agreeable Manner, is the chief Concern of Life; every Man is not obliged, like the *Turkish* Emperors, to profess some Manual or Mechanical Employment; nor will every Gentleman (whose Fortune is above Business) care to trifle away his Day over an *Old Author*, or in the Conversation of a *Modern*; now what must those pretty young Fellows, (who frequent the *Coffee* and *Chocolate-Houses* about *St. James's* from Ten to Two, then the *Eating-Houses* and *Taverns* to Six; then from the End of the *Opera* or *Play* to Morning;—and so round again) do with themselves, if they're tied down to a Mutton-Chop and a Gill of Wine for each Meal?—Why, here's above two Parts in three of our Time lost, unaccounted for, and above half Mankind thrown into an entire Lethargy, or State of Idleness; Idleness, my Friends!—the Mother of all Evils, and the common Text chose by all who make a Farewel Sermon at *Tyburn*. What must be the Consequences of this chimerical Temperance, but Rapes, Murders, Plots, —*Seulement pour tuer le temps*?— I hope some worthy M---rs of the Hon---ble H---se of C---ns, (who have not much to do in Town

Town but eat and drink) will set in a true Light this mischievous Advice given by the Doctor to the Youth of *Great Britain*.— Moreover, these Rules of stupid Sobriety will put an entire Stop to the Circulation of Cash ; Mony will prove a perfect Drug, and a Pension as little esteem'd at C---t as good Sense : Our Trade must suffer too ; Trade ! the Life of every *Englishman* ;— for Mony is to Trade, what the Blood is to Life ; the Stoppage of the Circulation of either, is attended with Death.

What will embroider'd Clocks, or powder'd Tupées say ? &c.

It is not that I suppose, these Gentlemens Legs or Heads are endued with the Faculty of reasonable Speech ;— but the Dress here for the Person :— I cou'd give you the Name of the Figure, but hard Words have too much the dull, pedantick Air of a Scholar ;—a thing odious to most fine Ladies, or well-bred Gentlemen.

Shou'd the King's-Arms, or Pontac run away, &c.

I forewarn all Coffee-house Politicians, who have more Loyalty than Sense, or *Innuendo's* than Brains, not to put a treasonable Construction on this Line : for the Sign here mention'd, is put for the Master of the House, as, *vice versa*, *Pontac* is put for his Sign : an Embellish-

Embellishment to Oratory, an additional Varnish to Painting—

Pictoribus atque Poetis quidlibet audendi—

11 *If at the Golden Door deny'd the costly Meal, &c.*

Another Figure!—the Door put here for the House— an allegorical Sign to a noted Eating-House near *Charing-Cross*; (the Mystery of which I did never enter into) where any young Peer, or Darling of Fortune, who has more Money than Appetite, may be very politely entertain'd, and never fail of five or ten Pieces to make a mighty pretty Meal without the Shadow of a Stomach.

x *No more shall Crawfish-Soop begin the Feast, &c.*

I need not here enlarge upon the Variety of Dishes now in Fashion, having given you a Taste of the most material in the *Epistle*; from which Specimen let the reasonable Part of the World judge of the Discouragement to Wit and Industry, the Ruin to Thousands of Families, the Misery to two Parts of three of Mankind, which the Doctor's Rules must inevitably produce: In short, the very End of the Creation is frustrated; for by Accounts both sacred and profane, it is allow'd, that all these Things were made for the Use of Man; — But how? — Does any Beau clap a Sett of Lobsters to his Chariot, in order to trot to the
Ring?

Ring? Any Justice of Peace mount an *Essex* Calf to take the Air; or any Country Squire hope to run down a Fox with a Pack of Turkeys?—No!—How then were these Things design'd for Use?—Why!—the Beau after being drawn thro' thick-air'd *Piccadilly*, and sucking in some Ounces of *Hyde-Park* Dust, over a Bottle of *Champaigne* piddles a little butter'd Lobster:—The learned Justice from a Nap at Church, astride his Pad, paces to his *Sunday's* Dinner; then fattens and grows wise, o'er his Calf's-Head hash'd, and Scraps of *Statutes*:—The Country Squire, after the breathing of a twenty Mile Fox-Chace, and the Risque of Neck-breaking, not above five times in an Hour, sits down to his *Christmas* Chine and Turkey, brightens o'er Strong Beer, and cracks Jest, till he splits his own Sides with laughing. But to consider this important Affair a little farther; If a nice Stomach loaths the Sight of a Beef-Stake, or Pork-Griskin, must its Owner be starv'd?—The most puny Appetite may digest the Wing of an *Ortolan*, when the Leg of a Capon can't go down; there's the Comfort of a Table furnish'd with Variety; you must find something to create, as well as satisfy a Stomach:—The Smell provokes—the Sight tempts—the Taste invites—Chat enlivens—Wine washes down; thus from Morsel to Morsel, and Dish to Dish; till they who sit down not a bit hungry, make a very plentiful Repast.

O! Billingsgate!

7 O! Billingsgate! *how I lament thy Fall, &c.*

As this is one of the most noted Places in the Bills of Mortality, so none will suffer more from the Doctor's *Essay*; few Inhabitants of this City, but some time or other have open'd an Oister, or crack'd a Lobster's Claw there; and of Consequence, the Destruction of so important a Place will raise a generous Concern in every Breast; let that Man who has there trifled away a dull Hour with Shrimps and Sprats, or been Knuckle-deep in Mackarel and Codfish, tearless view the melancholy Scene! — abandon'd *Billingsgate*! — drooping noiseless Fish-Women! — solitary Walks! — empty Boats! — not an Oath nor a Squabble to comfort one! — then sighing say, *Hic ubi Troja fuit*!

2 *What to our Griefs adds greater Discontent, &c.*

This indeed is a Heart-killing Case, and at once stifles the Life and Spirit of Cookery; to find three or four Dishes differing in Taste, Smell, Looks, yet made out of the same Thing, how agreeable the Puzzle to our Palates! — To detest Beef and Mutton, yet be led by a Disguise into a hearty Meal of them; how surprising the Cheat to an empty Belly! How reasonable and advantageous is it to Life and Health! when one's Stomach is disorder'd, — when one nauseates the Sight of Food; when

F

(as

(as it sometimes happens) one is very well,—and horrid sick,—to be thus insensibly trick'd into an Appetite; and, from admiring the Gilding, swallow the Pill.—*Martial* indeed says, *Mallem convivis quam placuisse cocis*;—but the Doctor starves his Guests, and sends the Cooks to the D----l.

22 *Whether our whiten'd Veal from Essex came, &c.*

Two Places, famous for their timely Supports to a plentiful Table; whose Names will ever be dear to a good *Englishman*; and ever preserv'd in our Records of Wit, for the particular Excellence of their Calf's and Sheep's Flesh.

66 *And lengthen out the Feast with chearful Wine, &c.*

Our Liquors find as little Quarter from the Doctor as our Victuals; all Malt Drinks are Poison, Punch is Hell, a Dram's the Devil; he's a perfect *Turk*, and banishes almost the Use of Wine from our Tables; at least, those which are good for any thing; those which create a generous Spirit, a free Air, a florid Countenance, a sprightly Wit; in short, (as the *Psalmist* wisely says) those Wines which *make glad the Heart of Man*: Indeed, Crab-Juice, Tea, and Water-gruel, he heartily recommends; but, I think, on the Head of Liquids, he talks more like a Stay-maker than a Physician;

Physician; for he insists upon nothing but fine Shapes: Where he allows Wine, he curses us with *Tantalus*' Fate; just gives as much as will wash our Mouths, in order to set us a longing for what will wash our Bellies; or else it must be diluted with that Quantity of Water, that we might as well live with Frogs in a *Dutch Canal*: But if he robs us of our Bottle, e'en let him take Life too, say I;—'tis the first Step to it: Adieu! to agreeable Evenings, merry Companions, nimble Drawers, Ladies Healths, sound Sleep!—to all a long and last adieu!—Sometimes tho' he speaks Sense, in spite of all his Rules; for, *Page 51.* of the *Essay*; *Far be it from me, says he, to discourage the enlivening Conversation, the promoting Friendship, the comforting the sorrowful Heart, or raising the drooping Spirits, by the chearful Cup, and social Repast;—Perhaps, I may like the harmless Frolick, nay, the dulce furere itself:—*Honest Doctor! I dare swear you do—Now he talks like a reasonable Creature—Pleas'd am I, that he grants Wine can do all this.—Again, next *Page*,—*O that I cou'd give my Conscience the Lye, in mentioning!—What?—that Men of the finest Taste, and most accomplish'd Parts love a Glass of good Wine:* We must own tho', he deals fairer with us in this Article than any other; for the Sum of his Rules amounts to this; he bids the World be wondrous sober, and loves dearly to tipple himself: But let us

answer him, as a famous *French* Poet did a famous *French* Preacher, who was more noted for his Doctrines than Example ;

*Pour nous persuader sans discours superflus,
Dites en moins ; faites en plus.*

cc Camelcon-like, we meet an airy Treat, &c.

A Creature said to live altogether upon Air, and to change its Colour, according to the Thing it rests upon ;— and, we may presume, the only living Thing, that can subsist upon the Doctor's Bills of Fare.

dd *But, by the Gods ! you ne'er shall be my
Cook, &c.*

I hope all my Readers will allow, that this is a most reasonable Resolution ; I accept of him as my Physician, because he prescribes no Physick ; but refuse him to be my Cook, because he prescribes no Meat ; his denying us the Use of substantial Food, and reviving Liquors, for fear they shou'd cause Distempers, is as if an Old Woman shou'd break her Earthen Pipkin, lest she shou'd be oblig'd, if it were foul'd, to clean it ; or, as if a Man shou'd cut off his Hands, to prevent the Trouble of paring his Nails.

ee *So far your Labours boast a gen'rous Heart, &c.*

So far, indeed, I have but jested with the Doctor ; but now we shall have a Thrust or

two in Earnest ; and I am much mistaken, if he lies not every way open to my Attack : I promis'd in the Beginning of these Remarks, to lay my greatest Stress towards the Conclusion, when the Affair of *Love* shou'd be brought upon the Carpet ;— to make good my Promise, I shall, Chapter by Chapter, examine the Consequences of that Passion in Life and Health ; tho' the Doctor has thought fit almost to banish it the World ; for which Reason I assert, that all he has been laying down, must go for nothing : So, Doctor, have at you in *Form*.

ff *How wisely you lay down, what Air is best ! &c.*

First then, begin we with the Doctor to consider the Effects which Air, Climate, &c. have on Life and Health ; and as I shall, at the Close of each Chapter, reduce his Arguments to the Standard of Love, and speculatively finish each, with some Remarks upon that Head, I would not have the modest Part of the World to fear any Offence, nor the Wanton to hope any Encouragement ; for I profess my self an utter Foe to the Shadow of an obscene Thought, tho' I shall be obliged decently to penetrate into the most secret Mysteries of Love.

What a Rout does the Doctor make about the Importance of Air, a Situation, a friendly Wind, and a thousand other trifling Circumstances,

cumstances, already manifest to the whole World?—Tho' even in this uncontested Point, I must differ a little from the Doctor, and assert, that Ease of Mind is more necessary to the Health of the Body, than the best Air in the World ; and I maintain, that there are few Ladies of this Kingdom but would enjoy a perfecter Health, and breathe freer in the eternal Smoak of *London*, and Smell of *Thames-street*, than in any Country Seat, that cou'd boast the Air of *Montpelier*.— Moreover, he shou'd (properly speaking) have thrown this Chapter into that of *Exercise* ; for he orders his Patients to dance so backwards and forwards, from North to South, and East to West, as often as the Wind thinks fit to change, that a Man might as well live with the Miller in *Doctor Faustus*, upon the Sails of the Wind-Mill, as lead such a Life : Nor can we know where we're to dress, dine, or sleep, till our Servants have *consulted the Weather-cock* : I must own, I am surpriz'd, that in the Disposition of a Dressing-Room, Parlour, or Bed-chamber, the Situation of a Necessary-House shou'd have been forgotten ; for the whole World allows, that a good Vent is entirely necessary, and mightily conduces to a plentiful St—l.

I own, his Desire for having all those who approach us, or we converse with, sound, sweet, and healthy, seems to inculcate something tending to the Affairs of Love ; but he
talks

talks in Clouds, and never pushes the Matter home ; nor am I less pleas'd with his Passion for clean Linnen, and hinted Aversion to the *Morbus Scoticus* ; they intimate his not being a Native of the Northern Parts of this Island.

§§ *Shall not we Lovers too, without a Crime, &c.*

If in any Part of Life a good Air is essential to the Welfare of Mankind, sure it is to a Lover ; but as he has excluded this Passion totally from his *Essay*, we may conjecture, it has never much troubled his Constitution, or he wou'd have thought of Remedies proper to obviate all its ill Consequences.

Nothing has ever more truly distinguish'd the Nature of Love, or given us a truer Insight into all its Consequences, than the Difference of Climates : And I may venture to affirm, that there are few People so stupid, but that they wou'd readily discover a Variation in their amorous *Thermometers*, cou'd they but jump from *Turky* to *Norway*, or from *Greenland* to *Spain* ; yet the Doctor is altogether silent upon that Head, which mostly affects a Lover ; as Love of all Things is the surest Rule of Health.

The Fair Sex is not much indebted to his Prescriptions, he having almost entirely forgot them, and has not in this Chapter once touch'd upon the Cause of Vapours, which the wisest People imagine to proceed from a very bad
Air ;

Air ; nor are they more oblig'd to him, for ordering them to be a-bed by Nine o' Clock in *London*, and not stirring Abroad after Sunset ; had he at the same time prescrib'd 'em large Doses of *Ratsbane*, it wou'd have shewn more of the Gentleman, if not of the *Physician*.— But I really look upon all his Rules in this Chapter to end in an insignificant Blast, and that not one of them can procure that Ease or Benefit to Mankind, which a certain undecent, but necessary Monosyllable may, upon several Occasions.

I shall not pretend to determine the different Situations of Love, or say which Aspect, North or South, is most proper ; but I must beg leave to add one Remark, which ought to have been consider'd in the Article of *Climates* : There has long been a Dispute, whether a cold or warm Country is most essential to Love ? My humble Opinion is, that the Sportsmen who frequent the Fields of *Venus* in a Southern Region, shoot oftenest, and may prove very great Gunners ; but in a Northern, we oftener hit the Mark, and do more Execution ; in short, it has been observ'd, that they scatter their small Shot to no purpose ; when with a single Ball or two we make our Work more sure ; they may boast, perhaps, of most Pleasure ; but we bring home most Game.

h h *The Quantity and Quality of Meat, &c.*

I have been already so plentiful in my Remarks upon the Heads of *Diet* and *Luxury*, that I shall not trouble my Readers with any new, or the Repetition of the old, upon that Subject; nor shall I again lead you from the Kitchen to the Dining-Room; but observe how far it affects the Bed-chamber.

If the Regulation of Meat and Drink be necessary in any Part of Life, surely Love is first to be consider'd in that Case; in all others, by the Doctor's Rules, just what keeps Body and Soul stitch'd together, is sufficient, and the less the better; but in Love we must remember, that our Performances generally answer to the Propriety of our Diet; and that, I may say, in a double Sense: First, that Part of it which we call vulgarly, but properly, *Kitchen Physick*; which the World allows to have a prodigious Influence in the Beginning, as well as in the winding up of an Amour: I own, this is not, strictly speaking, the Province of a Physician; but since the Doctor has been so good upon other Occasions, as to descend into the Kitchen, I think he might as well peep into our Pots and Pans there, as into those which make up the principal Furniture of our private Closets: And certainly neither the *Agent* nor *Patient*, in a Love Engagement, can be so stupid of *Soul*, or sense-

less in *Body*, as not readily to discover the Difference betwixt a strong Soop and Water-gruel, Shell-fish and Poor John, Cocks or Lambs Stones and a Rasher of Bacon, a Glas of Jelly and Sugar-Sops, Truffles or Morelles and a Plumb Pudding, *French* Wine and Small Beer :— Let the Experienced speak the Difference— here (since the Doctor deign'd to commence Cook) he shou'd have establish'd a Regimen in Diet,— and wrote Receipts for the Benefit of Mankind ; the succeeding lusty Generation wou'd have blest'd his Labours, and ador'd his Name.

Secondly, let us repair from the Kitchin to the Apothecary's Shop ; even there the Doctor forgets us ; even in the greatest Concern of Life, and where the Physician's Skill shou'd particularly have appear'd ! Whatever Regulations we ought to be laid under in the Commencement of an Amour ; surely none will deny, but that in the End, it too often requires the utmost Care and Aid that Physick can boast : In the Head of such an Affair, 'tis true, that Nature alone can guide us, tho' blind, to all we can wish or hope ; but our Pleasures, alas ! so often carry a Sting in the Tail, that we are oblig'd to fly to Art to relieve us.— But in this valuable Circumstance, he has not so much as hinted at our deplorable Conditions, or study'd to help us with a single Pill.

Pray

ii *Pray banish too from hence the French Disease, &c.*

Were the Doctor inclin'd, by his Learning and Experience, to make Life and Health easy to Mankind, I fancy, he must allow this Request to be both modest and reasonable; considering the Havock this Distemper has made in a few Years, amongst all Ranks and Ages; which naturally leads me into a small Inquiry, concerning the Antiquity, Progress, and Consequences of this Disease.

As to its *Antiquity*, this Point has been handled by many able Men; but not much to their or our Satisfaction; I shall but sum up their different Opinions, and leave my impartial Readers to judge of the most probable. Some think, that good King *D---d* suffer'd in this Cause, and ground their Surmises on that *Ps-m* where he complains,—*My Reins have troubled me in the Night-Season.*—Again, *My Loins are filled with a sore Disease.* Others have asserted, that it was one of *Jo—*'s Afflictions, and that the Sores he in the Heaviness of his Heart bewail'd, were nothing but *Bu--os* and *Sh----rs*: They support their Assertion by his Wife's friendly Advice; who, finding him in that miserable State, and no longer a proper Bed-fellow, begg'd of him to *curse G-d and die*: Nor are there wanting some, who carry it up

as high as the Time of *Moss* being in *Egypt* ; and that it was one of the Plagues sent upon that People ; particularly, that by which they lost their First-born ; which (we are all convinced of) has been the Fate of many hopeful Heirs of several worthy Families among ourselves. But, leaving these Disputes and Conjectures to the Learned World, who only are possess'd of the Secret, of making much of a thing, when there's little or nothing in it, let us proceed to consider the Progress of this Disease in the World : The most certain Account (at least in this Part of the Globe) which History gives us, is fix'd to the famous Siege of *Naples*, which may be call'd the *Æra* of *Venus* ; and in order to set this Affair in the truest Light, and to avoid Prolixity, I recommend to my Readers that beautiful Allegorical Fable in one of Mr. *Addison's Tattlers*, N^o 260. where the whole Matter is learnedly discuss'd ; this we may depend upon, that the *French* Soldiers, imploy'd in that Siege, first transplanted it into *France* ; how it has throve there, I need not at this time mention ; but the *French* being at that Place let into the Secret, nam'd it the *Neapolitan*, as we did afterwards the *French Disease* ; when they prov'd so kind as to communicate the Mystery of the whole Affair to us. But to return from this Digression.— Upon the Surrender of the Town, the Soldiers, (thinking themselves safe from any farther

ther Fire) flush'd with Success, and Hopes of Plunder, beat up the Quarters of all their Women, in search of Love and Mony; but in a few Days found they were over-heated in the Action: Whether these *Venereal* Flames proceeded from their Stews, or Nunneries, or both, I shall not at present determine; but look upon their Females in general, to be just so many *Pandora's*; for upon forcing open their Strong Boxes, this Plague was let loose among Mankind. This Southern Plant being thus brought into *France*, continued not long there, till, (like other new *French* Fashions) the *English* seem'd mighty ready to be in the Mode; as there were but few, that cou'd then afford to wear it, so it became not quickly so universal as now; but in some Time after, (there being often Bickerings between the two Kingdoms) the *French* having penetrated into the Bowels of this Nation, very plentifully bedew'd them with infected Showers of Love; and tho' we fairly sent them a packing home, we cou'd not so readily get rid of their Present; but, to the Honour of our Climate, tho' so far North, this tender Plant every Day improv'd, only by the Assistance of a few Hot-Beds; tho' in Honour to the Donors, we stile it the *French*, 'tis generally call'd the *Venereal Disease*; being the Favour bestow'd by that Goddess upon those Votaries, who ofteneft sacrifice at the Altar of Love; or those whose Zeal is
so

so ardent, that (according to our vulgar, but hearty Expression) they will go thro' Fire and Water to serve her.

In Process of Time it overspread all *Europe*; what Progress it has made in the other Parts of the World, I know not, nor is it material; but I think it has no where so generally prevail'd, as in *Spain*; (which shews it to be sprung from a warm Original, and that it delights in hot Constitutions) most of the Gentry of that Country (and every *Spaniard* is a *Welshman*,) boasting of an hereditary C—p for several Generations; it descending from Father to Son in a Course so uninterrupted, that the Blood of several Families never is dishonour'd with one sound Branch; which is an undoubted Proof of their being legitimate: The Grandees likewise of the first Class, claim two particular Privileges; *viz.* of being cover'd in the King's Presence, and being superlatively p—d; for this last Part of their Inheritance has been so secur'd to them by a Set of providential Ancestors, that it is not in their's or the Government's Power, to cut off the *En-tail*.

kk *But what is Life, or Health, without a Nose? &c.*

I think we have here a very good Handle to abuse the Doctor to his Face; were he inclin'd generously to bestow his Labours on us,

us, here is an Opportunity for shewing his Skill. How gloriously were his Time and Art employ'd, did he fill up the Gaps, or pare off the Excrescencies occasion'd by Love in our natural Frames; let him level those little Hills so often thrust out by its Earthquakes, or put Sluices in the Springs of Life, when the Fountain Heads leak too fast: Or, in short, let him have a careful Eye to our Noses, either by preventing what may sap their Foundations, or by additional Arch-work keep the Bridges entire: Thus shall we preserve those Promontories, whose Beauty is so ornamental to the Region of our Faces; and whose Land-marks are so necessary, to shew if there lie beneath secure Harbours, where we may venture to cast Anchor, and safely ride out a Storm: Or let him (like *Talicotius* in the before-quoted *Tattler*) keep some Scores of brawny sound Buttocks in Pension, where he may cannonade Noses out by dozens; and instead of dividing Mutton into Chops, and measuring Wine by Gills, let him oblige his Patients, according to their Quality or Prices, with proportionable Noses; or, if he wou'd set his Invention to work, let him improve upon what *Talicotius* so wisely begun; let him restore all other Parts that have bravely suffer'd in Love Engagements, to their primitive Stations, new cloath their Scars, or lengthen out their mutilated Inches.

For

11 *For we have Bolusses, Pryfans, and Pills, &c.*

I need not here enlarge upon these principal Dishes in a Love Diet, tho' the Doctor might have done it in his *Essay* to some purpose : I am unskill'd in the preparative Part, tho' not in the digestive ; Instruction on that Head will be useless to the Experienced, for dearly have they paid for their Knowledge ; and I heartily congratulate the Unexperienced upon their Ignorance. I come now to the third Point to be consider'd in this Disease, *viz.* its Consequences ; it being a thriving Tree, sprouts out into several Branches, but particularly the three following :

mm *And Bu--s, Sh---ers, Cor--es, be unknown, &c.*

The two last of these I take to be by the Etymology, of *French*, as the first is of old *Greek* Extraction : The polite *Gallic* Nation, (who let nothing pass thro' their Hands unimprov'd,) added these small Superstructures to the old Foundation ; the antique *Grecians* were fully content with a moderate *Bu—o*, and looking upon the rest of the World as *Barbarians*, in respect to themselves, kept it for a long Time quite dormant at Home ; for several Centuries it must have lurk'd in their dark Holes and private Corners, till I know not by what Miracle it was brought into

into *Italy*; the Popish Legends, perhaps, may account for it; or it might have been transported thither with the old Chappel at *Loretto*: Having fix'd its principal Residence at *Naples*, the Ladies there being of a very open Nature, and diffusive of their Favours, generously open'd their Budgets, and frankly disclos'd the Secret to the rest of *Europe*, as has been before mention'd.

^{n n} *Our Use of Poud'ring-Tubs does plainly shew, &c.*

The Use of Poudering-Tubs in the Conclusion of some Intrigues, I take to be a modern Invention, not thought of, till the ill State of some unfortunate Lover gave the Hint: And we may presume, that the first who was clapp'd into this Machine, had been in a sad Pickle, before they ventur'd on the Experiment; I wish the Doctor wou'd refine upon the Article of Poudering-Tubs, and furnish us rather with an Antidote, than a Cure for the Poison of Love; as we salt our Beef and Pork, not to expel Putrefaction, but prevent it.

^o *Blame not my Haste, if from Repletion, &c.*

I here am oblig'd to beg the Doctor's Pardon for breaking in upon the Regularity of
H his

his *Essay* ; I freely own, that he justly threw in the Heads of Sleeping and Watching, Exercise and Quiet, between those of Repletion and Evacuation ; but I must at the same time acquaint the World, that his thin Bills of Fare so puff'd up my Belly with Wind, and gave me such a Rumbling in the Guts, that I was under a Necessity of dropping to Evacuation without farther Ceremony : — If in this Article a Regulation shou'd be observ'd, surely it is principally confin'd to Love ; for really, as to what concerns Health, the Prescriptions in the Chapter of Meat and Drink determine entirely that ; for being so exact as to what must go in, he may be very particular as to what must come out ; put into a leaky Vessel much, little, or nothing, you may depend upon it, the Discharge will be proportionable : If Evacuation is necessary in Health, in Love 'tis all in all. The Doctor holds, that a regular Stool in one or two Days, preserves Life in a settled Serenity ; and is it not asserted by all Physicians and Naturalists, that a Love-Evacuation, consider'd in as just a Light, is the greatest Comforter and Reviver of Nature ; it makes gay our Countenances, enlivens our spiritual System, invigorates our Members, and gives the most agreeable What-d'-ye-call-it imaginable, both to Soul and Body ; on the contrary, I allow that exceeding in that Point occasions a perfect Topsy-turvy in Nature,
and

and brings on us a Stupidity of Mind, sunk Eyes, pale Looks, low Spirits, a total Imbecillity in our animal Frames, and, in short, a — what not. The Doctor likewise, by a nice Physical Distinction upon the different Colours of Urine, very wisely guesses at his Patients Diseases and Dooms : I own what he there advances is not without its Merit ; but Lovers too can judge their Cases by just such Symptoms ; our Green and Yellow may prove as dangerous as his dark Brown or dirty Red ; as we look upon our Cream-Colour equal to his bright Amber. But I shall end this Debate with maintaining what I hinted at in the *Epistle*, that it is in vain to think of conveying clean Water to any House from a corrupted Spring, or thro' a nasty Pipe ; therefore to have what is clean and wholesome, we must first scour from all Filth the muddy'd Fountain Head, and then discharge it into the proper Offices by a sound and sweet Machine.

pp *Shewn by Sanctorius' Chair, when more or less, &c.*

As Perspiration is one of the most frequent and necessary Evacuations of Life, so I judge it to happen oftener in Love Affairs than any other : Where do we enjoy in that Perfection a fine breathing Sweat, (which the

Doctor seems so fond of) as in Love? — Who can boast of that gentle Opening of the Pores, in order to discharge all obnoxious Particles, like a Lover? — Or what can so sensibly affect all Parts of the Body without Fatigue as a Love Motion? — But more of this in the Article of *Exercise*! — I own, the *Statick Chair*, the Doctor mentions, is a fine and useful Invention, and might be improv'd to great Advantage in the Case of Love: How sensible a Pleasure must it be to a Lover of Business, when he can negotiate his Affairs in an easy Chair, and at the same time discover what Quantity he lost by Evacuation.

I shall not determine as to the Antiquity of this *Statistical Chair*; Dr. *Wood* asserts it to be elder than *Sanctorius*; Dr. *Bly*, the copious *Cambridge* Commentator, denies its being so old; and for a Proof gives us several weighty Reasons, that the *Cathedra Papalis sexum explorans* is much antienter; and its Date we are all acquainted with; for every good *Protestant* knows, that was introduced upon the Discovery of Pope *Joan's* Sex, to prevent for the future the Head of the Church's wanting a proper Tail.

How

q q *How justly fix'd our Hours of Rest we find, &c.*

As Love in several Respects may be call'd the most fatiguing Exercise, and most violent Passion, that Body or Mind can know; so we may reasonably conclude, that Rest, Quiet, &c. in this Case may be more necessary than any other: But the Doctor, blotting out Lovers from the List of the Creation, very wisely prescribes Rules of Rest for those who are never tir'd; Quiet for those who Night or Day meet no Disturbance; and Sleep for those who do nothing but doze Life away.

If the Health of Mankind is to be regarded in the Choice and Disposition of our Time, Rest, Weather, &c. I wou'd know, Who is so obnoxious to the Inclemencies of the Night Air as a Lover?—Who watches the rising Moon and setting Stars, but a Lover? Who comes Home dripping with nocturnal Dews, or stiff with numbing Cold, but a Lover? —Who is oftener troubled with Cramps, starting in Sleep, being rid with Night-Mares, Hags, &c. than a Lover?—Whose Heads or Stomachs are duller, or more squeamish, than those which the Night before were full of Love and Wine? For them the Doctor shou'd have wrote, and not have apply'd his Plaister to a sound Arm, when there's a
fore

fore Leg just by. On the contrary, let us state the Rules he has prescrib'd impartially, then let the World speak their Inutility : Were we all to rise or go to Bed as he bids us, sup without Candles, and breakfast with the rising Sun ; Who then wou'd give the expecting Dame a Midnight Serenade, pace the *Mall* by Moon-light, or the Streets with Links ? Who wou'd call the conscious Groves and Stars to be Witnesses of their unchangeable Affections, and binding Vows ; or, on the humble Grass, or aspiring Hay-cock, give the most sincere and hearty Tokens of eternal Love ! — Alas ! were Darknefs of no other Use in the Creation, but to be slept away ; farewell the buskin'd *Muse*, and *Hum'rous Scene*, *Harmonious Opera's*, and *Gay Masquerades*, where by a thousand little Suns, Night rivals Day, where such innocent Friendships are contracted ; from whence they may retire to friendly Darknefs, to hide the Virgin's Blush, and Matron's Age. Nor is it alone the Doctor's unfashionable Hours of Rest, (and going, like Fowls, to their Roost at Six in the Evening, just when the *Beau Monde* begins to dress) that I find fault with ; but the forbidding us a Morning Tumble in Bed, the *Douceurs de Matin* ; hugging Pillows, gnawing Sheets, agreeable Slumbers ! Ah ! Intolerable ! Half asleep, half awake, to stretch

stretch out a Leg, now sigh, now turn, now wish, now — every thing that Thought can reach: Even this Bliss a single Life can boast: But to deny the Morning Loiter, and privileg'd Soak to the Married State, is barbarous! abominable! What Uneasiness, what Jarrs, how many Divorces must follow, were this Rule observ'd? — What wou'd become of all those pretty Speeches to a Wife in a Morning? Or of all the other *Agreements* of Matrimony? — Those Healers of any unfortunate Breach; that Standard of Justice in deciding the Merits of the Cause in any small Quarrel? *Doctor! Doctor!* beware the Fate of *Orpheus*. You may rail till you're black in the Face, against *Physick*; but I look upon you not only as a Physician positive, but a most ill-natur'd one; for you'd have a Man to swallow a damn'd bitter Potion, and not allow him a Sugar-Plum afterwards to sweeten his Mouth.

r r *The Use of Exercise you plainly prove, &c.*

The Doctor has been very just and particular in the several different Methods of Exercise which he proposes; and who will not allow, that the Exercise of Love is a more nice and copious Theme (than any he touches upon) if properly handled: The
brightest

brightest Wits of past and present Times, have thought their Labour well bestow'd in adjusting that Matter ; and for the general Good have condescended to describe even each Posture, by which we may regulate our Motions, and in a delightful Variety shewn us, the Commodious, the Natural, the Easy, the Significant, the Vigorous, all so plain, that the shortest Understanding, by their Help, may arrive at the *Toute-ensemble* of that Affair : Nay, so industrious have they been for the Welfare of Mankind, that by their well-tim'd Precepts, and alluring Patterns of Virtue, they perfectly provoke us to the Use of Exercise, when otherwise we might have no great Stomach for it ; the manifest Advantage which must accrue to all from this, is too notorious to be deny'd.

But to illustrate this Head Logically, and at once to shew my Learning, and maintain my Argument by few Words ; *Love is an Exercise ; — Exercise is necessary to Health and Life ; — Ergo, —* Since my *Major* and *Minor* are undisputed, the Consequence is obvious : I need not with trifling, tedious Annotations spin out this Point, and tire the most patient, since I have on this Head been tolerable large in the *Epistle* ; and really this kind of Exercise is so imprinted by Nature on every thing living, that there are few or none who ever
want

want *Instruction* to prepare them for it, or *Persuasion* to urge its Use. There are, in this Chapter, two general Assertions of the Doctor's, from which I must beg Leave to dissent ; the first, (that Old Age stiffens our Solids,) I cannot agree to, if by the solid he means the most essential Part of a Man ; — as we certainly ought to understand it in that Sense. The second is, that the more each Member's us'd, it grows the stronger : This, indeed, may hold good in some few Cases ; but is evidently and materially wrong in most others : Therefore I shall not insist farther upon this Point, till he has distinguish'd upon the Member Article, and shewn where it has that Effect, and where not. I shall not quit this Chapter, without returning the Doctor Thanks for his Approbation of the *Flesh-Brush*, and recommending so strenuously its Use ; it comes mighty *a propos* to strengthen a weak Argument, and falls in very naturally in the latter Part of *Exercise* ; I entirely am of his Mind, in the Usefulness of a Morning Rub, it enlivening all the Animal Functions for the whole Day, causing the Spirits to flow faster, and giving the justest and most agreeable Circulation to the Blood.

I cannot so readily agree with the Doctor, in the Point relating to the *Cold-Bath*, as in the preceding Article ; at least it must be
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banish'd

banish'd the *Dominions of Love*: We may as well hope to give a Man Titillation, by clapping a Snow-Ball into his Breeches; or a Sweat, by exposing his naked Body to the Air of a frosty Night, as to attempt a Sacrifice to the God of Love, when the Victim is to be prepar'd, by being fous'd over Head and Ears in a Horse-Pond. The *Cold Bath* has been found fatal in many other Cases, as well as in Love, it throwing with a violent Shock all the Blood and Spirits to the Heart; which are necessary to be made manifest, in the Extremities of all other Parts of the Body, in order to each performing its particular Function. I fancy, the Hint of its Rise was borrow'd from that laudable Custom of treating Scolds; I mean, the *Ducking-Stool*: Which makes good my former Assertion; for that unruly Member, (which is so difficult to tame, and the last thing quiet in a Woman,) will, after a necessary *Cold Wash*, remain for some time in a perfect State of Inactivity, and is the only Remedy for the Disease incident to those restless Linguists: The same may be observ'd in the Fraternity of *Pick-pockets*, who, undergoing this *Aqueous Experiment*, lose, for some Time, the nimble Motions proper to their Fingers, which forget their Office: This might likewise be practis'd with good Success upon the Artists in *Cups and Balls*; and so discover their

their secret *Legerdemain* without the Help of the *Black Art*: I might instance too, the *Ordeal* by Water, for finding out Witches; which has been always reckon'd the readiest Method to clear a Country of Old Women: For the Devil's Power being confin'd to Fire, he certainly leaves all his Votaries, that are thrown into the Water, to — sink — or swim: I might, in Opposition to the *Cold Bath*, be very copious here in Praise of a warm *Bagnio*; but its Use in most Cases, (particularly Love-Affairs) is so notorious, (and in a double Capacity,) that to speak for it, wou'd appear more an Affectation of additional Bulk, than Merit to this Work.

ff *To regulate our Passions you presume, &c.*

Here I thought it impossible to escape meeting with something relating to Love, to recompence my curious Search after it, thro' the Course of the whole *Essay*; but how the Doctor contriv'd, in a Treatise on the Passions, to avoid once mentioning Love, is to me surprising; I must own, it shews a good deal of Art to manage the forgetting or neglecting it; Love, indeed, I met with; but let my Readers guess at the Baulk, when the Epithet of *Divine* was tack'd to it: Who expected this from a Physician? One, who

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who amidst Rules for Life and Health, up to the Nose, in Vomits, Purges, and Clysters, insensibly draws us from those Affairs which wholly concern the Body, to those which are entirely the Province of the Soul! A prodigious Spring indeed, from a Close-Stool to be mounted into the Air, like a Witch on a Broom-stick, and with *Mahomet* traverse the Seven Heavens! But Raillery apart, and all Corporeal Affairs, I wou'd fain learn of the Doctor, what his Design was, in passing over in Silence the Affair of Love, when treating of all human Passions; which certainly (as it is managed) regulates all the others, either as to the Prejudice or Advantage of Health and Life: The Effects of Love, even in a Spiritual Sense, are too well known to be handled here: This every body will allow me, that Love (at least in a violent Way) is the Source of all other Passions; Where do we express a Resentment to that Degree, as in the Case of a Rival? — Where are we so touch'd to the quick in a Punctilio of Honour, as when an Insult is offer'd to our Mistresses? — In what Point is human Nature so ruffled, as in Love despis'd, turn'd to Hatred? — Where is Pride or Anger so conspicuous, as in the gaining or losing the Fair One who rules the Heart? — What Passion so destructive to Soul or Body, as Jealousy? — Where is Fear so
apparent,

apparent, as when we chance to disoblige the Empress of our small Territories in the Low-Countries? — Where does Humility appear so awful, or so amiable, as in a Lover's Addresses to his earthly Goddess? — What Fury of the Soul, or Fever of the Body can equal his, — who loves, — is belov'd, and can't enjoy? — Where is there such a Fluctuation of the Passions, as in a Lover's Mind? — Now roaring, storming, and touching even the Sky with his proud Surges, because his Mistress frown'd, or gave to another Man her little Finger: — Anon sunk to the most decent Calm by half a Smile; and from the Fierceness of a true-bred *English* Bull-Dog, softened into the most obsequious Spaniel; because she dropp'd her Glove for him to fetch. — I cou'd go a pretty Way deeper towards the Bottom of this Affair; but shall conclude here, having said what must be of Weight sufficient with the sensible Part of Mankind, as to my Sincerity and Impartiality, in canvassing the whole *Essay*: — As to Fools, — it were Time and Labour lost, to attempt to improve 'em, or offer at Conviction, where there wants Understanding.

A Work like this, entirely calculated for the publick Good, never fails to provoke Criticks and Foes of all sorts; Blockheads will object to my want of Sense, hypocritical
Sinners

Sinners to my Morality, and Atheists to my Religion: The devout Lady (who prays and — lies with her Chaplain,) will turn up the penitential Whites of her Eyes, and cry — *O ! the filthy ! wicked Fellow !* —

A Prude, (who's sure to force a double *Entendre*, where the Author never meant one,) *O Gad ! abominable, obscene Stuff !* —

The pert Coxcomb, (who borrows Wit, in order to apply it wrong, and carries his Brains in his Pocket-Book,) *Dem me ! if I know what the Fool wou'd be at ! — Rat me ! if I can comprehend him :* But if the truly judging Few approve of what the Multitude damns, my Labour is over-paid, nor have I wrote in vain.

I hope the Doctor will take into his serious Consideration my Advice, in the Conclusion of the *Epistle*, and make Mankind amends, for neglecting them in his *Essay* ; no body is certainly more adequate to the Task propos'd, wou'd he but undertake it ; then he may in reality bestow on us that Life and Health he promis'd in his *Essay*, and we, in grateful Return, give him Immortality.



F I N I S.

